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Emma, going on eight

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12) *Olof Andersson*, born 11 Febr 1766 in Ullersäter, Näsby, and married to

13) *Cajsa Söderbom*, born 25 Sept 1772 in Spånga, Fellingsbro. Her father was also enrolled in the cavalry.

14) *Lars Larsson*, born 28 July 1773 in Hosta, Fellingsbro, and married to

15) *Stina Andersdotter*, born 16 Aug 1783 in Hosta, Fellingsbro.



A typical old house in Fellingsbro.



The Fellingsbro church, which used to be the center of the parish, but now is situated about a mile from the town, due to the location of the railway station.

The Wester family in Ogema

Emma and Fredrick raised 7 children in Ogema as follows:

Emma Wester, b. twin 7 Sept 1894

Ruth Wester, b. twin 7 Sept 1894

Anna Wester, b. 6 Sept 1897

Ebba Wester, b. 8 Febr 1899

Elsie Wester, b. 27 Aug 1903

Cecelia Wester, b. 14 Mar 1909

Fredrick E. Wester, b. 6 Aug 1914.

With this background I hope you will enjoy the article that Cecelia wrote with the title “Emma, going on Eight.” It is given below.

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Emma, going on eight....

BY CECELIA WESTER STANKE (WRITTEN IN 1954)

My mother's people were peasant farmers in central Sweden. Because my grandfather had belonged to the cavalry of the King's army, upon retirement he had been granted a small cottage and a lot which would be his for the duration of his life. It was a small house of two rooms with heavy oak beams in the ceiling. This was my mother's birthplace and her home for a little more than seven years. Recollections of this faraway place are now only fleeting and separated memories. I have heard mother tell how her mother herded and milked the cows of the richer farmers and so was given milk, butter, and cheese for her family. I have heard her tell how her father did carpentry work and so earned enough money to buy the few groceries and clothes that were absolutely necessary. There was always the unfulfilled desire for a little land of their own. No wonder

that news of homestead land in America was so eagerly relayed from one to another. No wonder that Grandpa Jacobson made plans to break all ties with the homeland and make a new life for himself, his wife, and little Emma in America.

So it happened that when Emma was seven she was on her way to this new home. In the Swedish language, birthday means not just the anniversary of one's birth. It is the beginning of a new year, and as such, the stress is not as we place it in our way of talking. Emma was not just seven – she was going on eight, and thus a birthday always sets goals for the next year.

For a little blonde, blue-eyed girl the preparations for a trip to a new continent must have been exciting. The few precious belongings that would be taken with them were packed into a homemade trunk, fastened with hinges and straps.

Since they were to travel in lower class accommodations, they had to have a supply of their own food for the entire trip. Hard dark brown homemade bread, cheese, and some dried beef were packed for the voyage. This food had to suffice for the boat and train trip. Mother has often spoken of the meager food supply – but always just as fact – never as if it represented any particular hardship. Mother's childhood was lacking in luxuries that our children of today are brought up to expect as a matter of course; but it was also filled with the real and personal adventures which our children must get second-hand from radio and motion pictures. The children of those days were participants, whereas our children must be content with being spectators.

The boat that took my mother to America was a steamer of the Cunard Line. The boat left from Göteborg,

then made a brief stop at Liverpool, and the next land they sighted was that of Castle Garden in New York Harbor, then a port of entry for the immigrants. Here they had to submit to certain routine physical and mental tests and have their belongings methodically searched by customs employees.

Of the train trip from New York to Ogema there seems to be no special recollection. Perhaps by that time traveling for a little girl going on eight was beginning to be quite commonplace. At that time Ogema was at the end of the Soo Line Railroad. There must have been a happy reunion there with some of their neighbors who had come to this place a year or so previously.

The section of land that had been assigned to Grandfather Jacobson through the homestead agency lay nine miles west of Ogema. No road had yet been built, nor were there any bridges crossing the two large branches of the Jump River that had to be crossed. For the first two years Emma and her mother stayed in

Ogema, where Grandmother Jacobson could work at boarding houses and earn a little money. Grandfather was already spending most of his time on his land. Somehow the feeling of ownership must have recompensed for all the hardships that had to be endured. The nine miles had to be traversed by foot and the rivers crossed on logs suspended from bank to bank.

The house Grandpa built for his family was a sturdy log cabin that still stands strong and straight after more than seventy years. The cabin represents the labor of a true pioneer. The timbers were hand-hewn from the trees that grew on the homestead, a mixture of birch, maple, oak, and hemlock. The shingles were hand-hewn of pine. The logs and materials had to be rolled up by hand labor.

We know a special story about the door of the cabin. My grandmother did washings for families in Ogema to earn money to pay for the door. Grandfather carried it the nine miles from Ogema to his new home. Al-

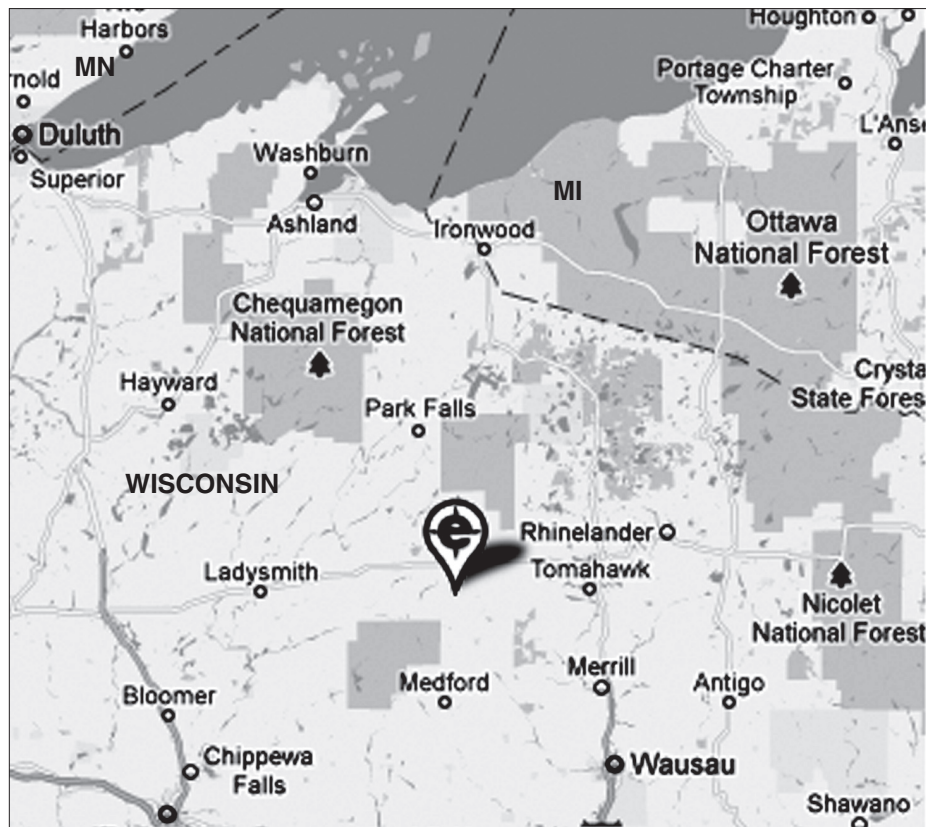
though he carried everything on his back, because that was the only way, the door was cumbersome and very awkwardly shaped so it was most difficult to wedge through the heavy growth of timber along that never-ending trail.

The things inside the home were also made by the skilled hands of Grandfather. Tables and chairs were fashioned of hand-split boards. Beds were made of wooden posts and slats. Mattresses were large ticking bags stuffed with the softer hemlock boughs. Later on as clearings were made, corn husks made a better filling. For Emma, a trundle bed was fashioned so small and low that it could be shoved under the bed during the daytime.

At first there was no stove. A fireplace of cobblestone warmed the cabin and kettles were hung on chains over the fire. Mother says she remembers one time when Grandpa wanted potato pancakes, and somehow Grandmother made them over the heat of the fireplace. She also had to make enough for the neighbor across the road who was building a house for his family, as well as his big black mongrel dog, who answered to the name of Hoy.

Of her first girlhood recollections in her home, I will mention only a few. There were soon neighbor families, and although my mother was an only child, the other homes had several children. So there are pleasant memories of games of Stump Tag, a good game, because any stump big enough to sit on could be a goal. There were the times when they would sit and play Cat's Cradle with store string. There were long walks through the woods to visit neighbors. They played imaginary games. The hunger for musical instruments caused them to devise an ingenious way of setting little chips of wood in a bark crevice of a fallen log in keyboard fashion in such a way that they could be pushed down slightly while the player supplied the melody to go with the rhythm of the fingers.

Soon a schoolteacher was procured to board around and teach



This map shows the location of Ogema, in Price County, Wisconsin. (Map from www.epodunk.com).



The Ogema public school. Built around 1910, 2 rooms, 1 story building with a horse barn in rear. (Photo from riblakehistory.com)

school, first at one house and then at another. Before many years a log schoolhouse was built and children were grouped as first readers, second readers, and so on up to the fifth reader, at which point there was no further advancement for many years. Later on a minister came on certain Sundays to conduct church services and Sunday school in this same schoolhouse. The songs must have made a deep impression on my moth-

er. I believe "Work for the Night is Coming" is almost the theme song of my mother's life.

Emma grew up, worked away from home for some years, married a prince of a man, and came back to the homestead to make of it a lovely farm home for their family of six girls and one boy. Father has passed on, and now Mother makes her home with us. There is still much of the pioneer spirit in her attitudes to-

ward life. Bits of dry humor emerge from her childhood memories. With all the sagacity of a Benjamin Franklin she seems to have a maxim for any occasion. Some of these sayings lose their emphasis in their translation to the English language. If she thinks we are wasteful, she will remind us that "Small crumbs are also bread." If any of us is too critical of our meals, she will say "Hunger is the best seasoning." "Morning sun has gold in its mouth," she will chide hurrying us along to get started with the week's washing. She reads her newspapers and magazines and can discuss any current issue in an understanding way.

Little Emma, who was going on eight when she came to America, has seen many changes in her adopted country. For her life has held many challenges, many accomplishments, and many sorrows and hardships. She still seems to have the ability to create the situations and circumstances that are necessary for her well-being. Always she is looking forward to the next day and next year – and now Emma is going on eighty.

State Wisconsin }
County Price }
Township or other division of county Ogema Town }
Name _____
Name of incorporated city, town, or village, within the above-named division, _____
Enumerated by me on the 9th day of June, 1900, Oh

SCHEDULE No. 1.—POPULATION

LOCATION.				NAME of each person whose place of abode on June 1, 1900, was in this family. Enter surname first, then the given name and middle initial, if any. Include every person living on June 1, 1900. Omit children born since June 1, 1900.	RELATION. Relationship of each person to the head of the family.	PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.								NATIVITY.			
IN CITIES.	IN VILLAGES.	IN RURAL AREAS.	DATE OF BIRTH.			AGE.	SEX.	Whether single, married, widowed, or divorced.	Number of years married.	Number of living children.	Number of these children living.	Place of birth of this person.	Place of birth of father of this person.				
Street.	House Number.	Number of dwelling in the order of visitation.	Number of family, in the order of visitation.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
		81	93	Wester	Head	W	M	March 1871	29	M	8					Sweden	Sweden
		90	94	Emma	Wife	W	F	Aug 1874	25	M	8	4	4			Sweden	Sweden
				Emma	Daughter	W	F	Sept 1894	5							Wisconsin	Sweden
				Ruth	Daughter	W	F	Sept 1894	5							Wisconsin	Sweden
				Anna	Daughter	W	F	Sept 1897	2							Wisconsin	Sweden
				Edna	Daughter	W	F	Feb 1899	1							Wisconsin	Sweden
				Jacobson	Father-in-law	W	M	Oct 1841	58	W						Sweden	Sweden

The Wester family and old grandfather Carl Johan Jacobson in the U.S. Federal 1900 Census.